

THE KNOCKER'S COLUMN.

A FEW CRACKS AT THE SPORTS.

WINNERS AT BENNING'S.

(Continued from First Page.)

A Good Card to Open the Washington Meeting.

(Special to The Evening World)

RACE TRACK, BENNING'S, Nov. 17.—Since racing ended here last Spring the Washington Track has undergone a transformation. Many changes, all for the better, have been made. The lawn has been entirely covered with brick and concrete, which forever does away with the muddy walks which race-goes used to have between the betting ring and grand stand.

The betting ring has been considerably enlarged and furnished with electric lights, the walk from the station has been broadened and other little conveniences provided for the public comfort.

The opening day's card was a very good one, there being one or two events of fair class to decide. The feature was the opening day handicap.

The weather was bright, clear and not too cold. The attendance was the usual light one of the opening day, but many New Yorkers preferred to stay in town over Sunday.

PIRATE RACE

For all ages, six furlongs.

Starters: White, Jacks, St. Hill Pin, Mr. Pleasant, Madie, 100; Walsh, 2, 22, 25, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100.

Starts: Won handily. Time—1:15.

McAdie jumped away in front and was never beaten. He held a lead, two lengths, lead, in the stretch. McAdie won handily, though he was never able to reduce that distance. McAdie won handily by a length and a half, while Rhiner had hard work to stave off Hader.

Hader had hard work to stave off Hader.

THE GAME.

It was just 2:35 o'clock when Capt. Brown, at the head of his drivers, started at the gate. Then, to the gauntlet of cheers and did their usual preliminary wrestle with the oval skin. The cheering had hardly subsided before the Princeton players came up, shouting "Hooray" and "Gee!"

Princeton was the first to cross the goal line, followed by Yale, who had a little insignificant slice of ice added to the Sartorius lightweight than Frank Erne was able to accomplish in twenty-five pounds of pummeling, and as much as McFadden did in twelve rounds. With the exception of McFadden and John Barloway, the piece of ice has no rival. The frozen knocker was on the "Kid's" doorstep, and he slipped and fell. Physicians declared that he narrowly escaped injury that would have him from the ring for life.

It's a toss-up with Peter Maher whether to pursue the ponies to Washington and New Orleans or to hang around this good old burg and wait for fight bills to ripen. It will probably be the hobbies, though, for they owe Peter money.

Joe Humphries, the star announcer, is among the missing. He was last seen taking a train Louisvilleward to separate Jack Dougherty from Joe Bernstein.

Some one tells me Joe is making bets in Chicago now.

Frank Erne has retired from the ring again. This is the eighteenth time. It is said he will put in the remainder of his life as an architect.

Isn't it bad that Frank didn't go into that business before Terry McDowell's time?

Where's Jack O'Brien? Oh, he's laid up and probably won't fight for a month or so. Paddy Moran, his trainer, tells me Jack hasn't been "good" for some time.

No, Jack Daly isn't responsible.

Where is that match between Terry McDowell and Martin Flaherty. Judging by what Charlie Harvey told me some time ago, I fully expected to see Terry among the good old "has-beens" by this. Harvey said Harris promised him the "next" match. The "next" took place over two months ago.

Get together, Charlie!

Nobody can be blamed for having a big opinion of himself. Even Tom Sharkey has a right to think he's the real thing pig-tailed.

The other day some one told the Sailor that Rubin would be a better drawing card with Jeffries than he would.

"You do, do you?" answered Sharkey. "Well, I think you're a fool."

Who said Sharkey and Fitzsimmons were close-fisted? Why, they're not in it this time with Jeffries.

The champion tells me, and without a smile, too, that he hasn't taken a drink of the cheering fluid in over ten weeks, and still people wonder why so many drink emporiums are going out of business.

It's enough to make John L. turn over and over on his couch at the Polytechnic Hospital.

Here it is Nov. 17, and no fights yet. What has become of Tom O'Hourke's pet idea on resurrecting the game in Jersey?

Is it possible that such wise gazelles as fighters' managers smoke, too? Sure, by O'Rourke doesn't.

What will the A. A. U. scrappers do this year? I wonder if the good Mr. Lewis will let their annual championships be decided. Jim Sullivan? Oh, yes, he ought to know. How about it Jim?

Gene Comiskey is seriously thinking about bringing Wrestler Olsen over from Denmark. He thinks his man Piecing has Pons "chinned" and he wants to win the championship from Olsen.

Comiskey may not look wise, but he's that. That's no pipe production either.

It wouldn't be surprising if there were something doing in the "cow" line one of these fine Indian Summer mornings. Lee Houseman has had a love feast with "J. James J." that is at strange variance with the vow of undying and eternal hatred and vengeance registered at Carson. Maybe "J. James" is about to give way to "me and Lou."

Jeff is going to have his own troubles next week, all because he will be showing in Brooklyn and the Horse Show will be on in Madison Square Garden. This seems a peculiar statement, but it is readily reconciled by the fact that Jeff has a dresser who used to be "Patty" Bates's man. "There never was a better valet," said Jeff to me; "the little fellow is handy with clothes and things and all that. But I had to break him of a lot of habits that don't fit, because I'm not a horse faddist. My valet was with Bates so long that he forgets. It will be a wonder if he doesn't pay out four-in-hand toppers for me all next week, and I'll have to keep tight hold of myself to prevent him from kidnapping me to the Garden."

THE KNOCKER.

YALE AND PRINCETON MEET IN FIERCE FOOTBALL BATTLE.

(Continued from First Page.)

infused the players with energy and the two encores kept the audience in a pleasant mood.

Yale Lauged Derrier.

But those college folks with the "sax" boom, and the fans of the Tigers and the nine or more "ranks" of Yale that sounded more like a long, hearty laugh than anything else, showed the scene a bad and noisy nervousness after the yelling either. The girls and those of the sex who had passed that stage had their own intermissions.

The students burst into earthen bursting noises. The spectators soon had more to work on their nerves. A big band, heading the Princeton players, and half a thousand spectators, were in the grandstand shortly after 3:30 o'clock. Those players didn't look like game-conquerors. They had every appearance of confidence and must have gotten more when that cheering.

The superstitious had something to work on. The Yale players arrived all right, but their baggage didn't. It was mislaid on a train and that train had got stuck in the mud. The players had to make a ball etiquette to play in street costume, as small scouts could locate those tags the game had to be postponed. Some one had a suggestion during the interval for Yale. They have "what and wherefore" tags, and were ready, if things developed their way, to use the old slogan "Tell you so."

Fifteen Thousand Saw Game.

Before the game began 15,000 spectators were on the ledges surrounding the arena.

Yale had to do her best, for in the last race, Harvard star catcher, Sheldon, had a little engagement with the boys of Old Eli till Saturday, and the first point of Yale's play were being watched like a hawk. There was a chicken dinner for the Princeton fans.

Princeton's captain, Farnsworth, and Lewis were the Crimson watchers.

THE GAME.

It was just 2:35 o'clock when Capt. Brown, at the head of his drivers, started at the gate. Then, to the gauntlet of cheers and did their usual preliminary wrestle with the oval skin. The cheering had hardly subsided before the Princeton players came up, shouting "Hooray" and "Gee!"

Princeton was the first to cross the goal line, followed by Yale, who had a little insignificant slice of ice added to the Sartorius lightweight than Frank Erne was able to accomplish in twenty-five pounds of pummeling, and as much as McFadden did in twelve rounds. With the exception of McFadden and John Barloway, the piece of ice has no rival. The frozen knocker was on the "Kid's" doorstep, and he slipped and fell. Physicians declared that he narrowly escaped injury that would have him from the ring for life.

It's a toss-up with Peter Maher whether to pursue the ponies to Washington and New Orleans or to hang around this good old burg and wait for fight bills to ripen. It will probably be the hobbies, though, for they owe Peter money.

Joe Humphries, the star announcer, is among the missing. He was last seen taking a train Louisvilleward to separate Jack Dougherty from Joe Bernstein.

Some one tells me Joe is making bets in Chicago now.

Frank Erne has retired from the ring again. This is the eighteenth time. It is said he will put in the remainder of his life as an architect.

Isn't it bad that Frank didn't go into that business before Terry McDowell's time?

Where's Jack O'Brien? Oh, he's laid up and probably won't fight for a month or so. Paddy Moran, his trainer, tells me Jack hasn't been "good" for some time.

No, Jack Daly isn't responsible.

Where is that match between Terry McDowell and Martin Flaherty. Judging by what Charlie Harvey told me some time ago, I fully expected to see Terry among the good old "has-beens" by this. Harvey said Harris promised him the "next" match. The "next" took place over two months ago.

Get together, Charlie!

Nobody can be blamed for having a big opinion of himself. Even Tom Sharkey has a right to think he's the real thing pig-tailed.

The other day some one told the Sailor that Rubin would be a better drawing card with Jeffries than he would.

"You do, do you?" answered Sharkey. "Well, I think you're a fool."

Who said Sharkey and Fitzsimmons were close-fisted? Why, they're not in it this time with Jeffries.

The champion tells me, and without a smile, too, that he hasn't taken a drink of the cheering fluid in over ten weeks, and still people wonder why so many drink emporiums are going out of business.

It's enough to make John L. turn over and over on his couch at the Polytechnic Hospital.

Here it is Nov. 17, and no fights yet. What has become of Tom O'Hourke's pet idea on resurrecting the game in Jersey?

Is it possible that such wise gazelles as fighters' managers smoke, too? Sure, by O'Rourke doesn't.

What will the A. A. U. scrappers do this year? I wonder if the good Mr. Lewis will let their annual championships be decided. Jim Sullivan? Oh, yes, he ought to know. How about it Jim?

Gene Comiskey is seriously thinking about bringing Wrestler Olsen over from Denmark. He thinks his man Piecing has Pons "chinned" and he wants to win the championship from Olsen.

Comiskey may not look wise, but he's that. That's no pipe production either.

It wouldn't be surprising if there were something doing in the "cow" line one of these fine Indian Summer mornings. Lee Houseman has had a love feast with "J. James J." that is at strange variance with the vow of undying and eternal hatred and vengeance registered at Carson. Maybe "J. James" is about to give way to "me and Lou."

Jeff is going to have his own troubles next week, all because he will be showing in Brooklyn and the Horse Show will be on in Madison Square Garden. This seems a peculiar statement, but it is readily reconciled by the fact that Jeff has a dresser who used to be "Patty" Bates's man. "There never was a better valet," said Jeff to me; "the little fellow is handy with clothes and things and all that. But I had to break him of a lot of habits that don't fit, because I'm not a horse faddist. My valet was with Bates so long that he forgets. It will be a wonder if he doesn't pay out four-in-hand toppers for me all next week, and I'll have to keep tight hold of myself to prevent him from kidnapping me to the Garden."

THE KNOCKER.

ENTRIES AT BENNING'S.

(Special to The Evening World)

RACE TRACK, BENNING'S, Nov. 17.—The entries and weights for Monday's races on this track are as follows:

First Race: For all ages, non-jumper, 100.

Second Race: For all ages, 100.

Third Race: For all ages, 100.

Fourth Race: For all ages, 100.

Fifth Race: For all ages, 100.

Sixth Race: For all ages, 100.

Seventh Race: For all ages, 100.

Eighth Race: For all ages, 100.

Ninth Race: For all ages, 100.

Tenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Eleventh Race: For all ages, 100.

Twelfth Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirteenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Fourteenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Fifteenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Sixteenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Seventeenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Eighteenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Nineteenth Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-first Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-second Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-third Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-fourth Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-fifth Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-sixth Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-seventh Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-eighth Race: For all ages, 100.

Twenty-ninth Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-first Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-second Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-third Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-fourth Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-fifth Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-sixth Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-seventh Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-eighth Race: For all ages, 100.

Thirty-ninth Race: For all ages, 100.

Forty-first Race: For all ages, 100.

Forty-second Race: For all ages, 100.